

and our feet are sore and tired, it affords us great pleasure to sit down and rest them. And when the body has been bearing some heavy article to be relieved of the burden brings on an agreeable sensation. Rest is also pleasant to those who do mental work in school when our whole mind is occupied with problems in arithmetic or questions in grammar, and when we have solved or answered them, what a pleasure to the tired brain.

As a girl, when one starts out in life, the questions of providing for the body and a vocation for life come to the mind—how to get fuel to burn, clothes to wear, a place of shelter and food for the body. That this may be done honorably the first question is, shall I be a book-keeper, or a type setter? Shall I be a photographer, or a clerk in a store, or shall I be a servant girl? And when the question is decided, the mind is at peace and life becomes a pleasure. The social question will be next to come to the mind. Shall I go in company with this person or that person? And shall I go in this society or that? And when all these questions have been decided, if the decision has been on the side of right, the mind can have repose and settle into sweetest slumber.

Spiritual rest is brought about by abstaining from evil and doing right. For example, when one has been in bad company and bad places where there is drinking, gambling, smoking, swearing and card playing, and when they have led you down to the very bottom of sin and debauchery they will leave you there to die a death of disgrace and shame. This is bondage and labor which if forsaken will bring a tranquility indescribable. But there are many more sins than these, such as murder, theft, falsehood, vanity, selfishness, hatred and disobedience, which if indulged leave the transgressor in a mental strain day and night. His hand being against every man, every man's hand is against him. There is no rest in sin for the wages of sin is death. Rom. 6:23.

Perfect rest can be had only when we are at peace with God and man.

Falls City, Nebr.

THE BOOK OF JONAH

D. C. MOOMAW

The first words that greeted the ears of the prophet as his feet felt the pleasing touch of the solid ground was a repetition of the original command, "Arise, go to Nineveh and preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee." "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown." How specific the command, how concise the message. There was no shrinking on the part of the thoroughly converted messenger, no disposition to gainsay, or cavil, or doubt, or delay, or desert. One touch of the chastising hand was enough for him. Off he went with the burden

of the awful message. Had all the soldiers of the king of the fated city met him at the gates he would have entered. By this time he knew that a terrible God was at his side and that he would see that the doom was duly and authoritatively proclaimed.

It is evident that Jonah did not stop to moralize or construe or interpret the message. It was its own interpretation and it needed no fanciful construction. He could have interpolated, modified or supplemented it with his own opinion as so many of up-to-date preachers do. He could have told those people that it was his private opinion that God did not intend to destroy the city, and that if they would pay him a goodly sum of money he would lend his influence to have the sentence mitigated, or if they would all consent to make their garments like his and dress their hair after his fashion, and if all their women would envelop their heads in black caps or any other colors that they would choose he would guarantee that Nineveh would not be destroyed. The modern custom of amending and supplementing the divine message of "adding to and taking from," seemed not to have entered the old prophet's mind.

God gave him a specific message to deliver, but not a whit more so than that committed to modern messengers. We have a sure word of prophecy. Christ's commands are just as clear and comprehensible. No room to misunderstand the 13th chapter of John, Matthew 28:19, 20; Mark 16:16; Luke 22. We may play with rhetorical figures to our hearts content and spiritualize until our Savior would not be able to identify his own act and command, yet the command will remain till the last trumpet will call us to the judgment bar of God.

We may pass decisions at ecclesiastical conference and pile up a mountain of the rubbish of our opinions about the door of the church of God and essay to damn, with our futile ex-communications and ostracisms, all who will not heed our decision, yet the truth of the divine word will ultimately sweep them all, with those who make them, into the abysmal depths of righteous wrath.

Jonah very prudently committed the results of his message to the Lord and he confined his preaching to the specific word, and thereby set an example of fidelity that we would do well to follow. We pray that our message to a dying world will be neither more nor less than what the New Testament bids us preach and that we will never depart from the foundation on which our organization is established, The gospel, the whole gospel, and nothing but the gospel.

The lustre of gold adds no more to a man than the lustre of shoe polish, since man gives to money its value.

Home Circle

A Woman's Prayer

O Lord, who knowest every need of mine,
Help me to bear each cross and not repine;
Grant me fresh courage every day,
Help me to do my work alway
Without complaint.

O Lord, thou knowest well how dark the way,
Guide thou my footsteps, lest they stray:
Give me fresh faith for every hour,
Lest I should ever doubt thy power,
And make complaint!

Give me a heart, O Lord, strong to endure,
Help me to keep it simple, pure;
Make me unselfish, helpful, true
In every act, whate'er I do,
And keep content!

Help me do do my woman's share,
Make me courageous, strong to bear
Sunshine or shadow in my life;
Sustain me in the daily strife
To keep content!

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

LOVE AND JOY

EMMA HOUSER

Love fills the heart or soul with joy. But for the great love of God, to sacrifice his only begotten Son for us, the world would never know what joy is. But for the wonderful love of Jesus, to shed his own precious blood upon that rugged cross, our hearts could never have been filled with such unspeakable joy.

"Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy: at thy right hand there are pleasures forever more." Our hearts may be heavy with burdens; we go to our kind Father, tell him all about it, He lifts the burdens and fills the empty space with love and joy. "They that sew in tears shall reap in joy." Sorrow is turned into joy before him. The angel of death enters the home, lays his icy hand upon the brightest and best and claims him for his own. We think we can not and will not give him up, but he is gone. We look at the cold and lifeless form but it does not move; we look for those beautiful eyes but they are closed in peaceful slumber; we whisper loving words into the open ears but they hear us not, and passionately kiss the sweet lips but they speak no more endearing words, then like the sounding of a trumpet comes to us the awful reality that the soul has fled—returned to Him who gave it. The sudden shock almost crushes the heart. Others try to comfort us but we will not be comforted. "Rachel weeping for her children refused to be comforted . . . because they were not." "And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him; but he refused to be comforted: and he said, For I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning." We can not remove such sorrows from our hearts even though we try ever so hard, but we know where to go with them. Again we take them to our heavenly Father, with the finger of love, he lifts them from our heavy hearts and slowly but surely fills the heart with love and hope. Oh, that